



The Omen

Issue

It's the Vote No on Question 1 Issue

THE OMEN

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Amnesty International

"Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk" Flavor Flav CONTENTS

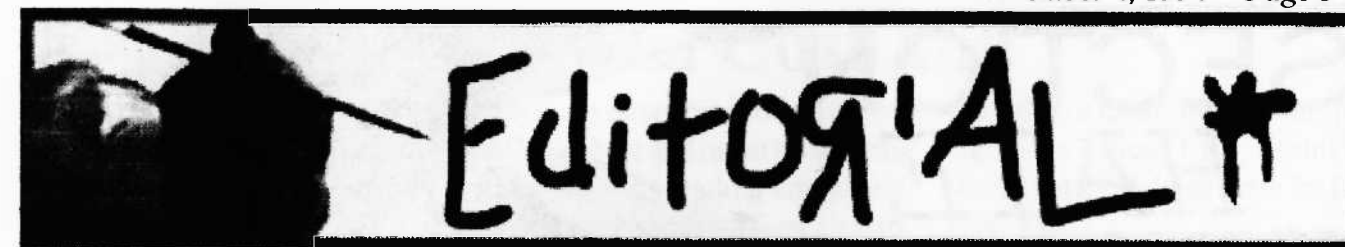
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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



Vote NO on Question 1!

Howdy again campers! Oh, what an interesting week I've had. First things first, in keeping in line with my Sinus Infection last week, here's my official lame disease of the week: Hiccups for three days! There's nothing like the feeling of having your lungs sucked out of your mouth in sporadic, yet inconveniently timed spurts. Thank you to everyone who had to put up with me during that time.

Next order of business: Power. Granted, I have very little power, but some people don't realize that. For instance, this past week I got a call, then later on a beautifully bound information packet from the Committee to Preserve First Amendment Rights (or something like that, if anyone cares, they can contact me, and I'll find out the correct name. They're from somewhere in Boston, anyway...). The package asked me, Jonathan Land, Editor of The Omen, to "Vote no on Question 1". Now, at first I was thinking, but I'm not a registered voter in Massachusetts, I shouldn't care, but then I saw it. Along with the packet they sent already-published newspaper articles, and I realized I have the power to do the exact same thing! It even seems like a good cause (Question 1 is a gag order on any business or non-profit organization (like Hampshire, dumbass) to divert any funding to

any sort of defense fund to battle governmental attacks. There are very few exceptions, but the most notable is the writer of the question, MassPIRG (Massachusetts Public Interest Research Group, I think), who turns out to be one of the only people who has something to gain).

Let me get back to the subject. This whole thing means that I can make a huge byline reading: Vote No on Question 1, in the text of my editorial I can put it in bold type like this: **Vote No on Question 1.** I can do whatever the hell I want, AND MAKE IT LOOK OFFICIAL! Life is good, things are good.

Well, yesterday I witnessed both the Smoke-in and Hampshire

Halloween yesterday, and I just have two things to say: 1) The smoke-in was the most well-planned event I've ever seen for the dumbest cause, and 2) despite all the publicity that the Smoke-in recieved, and Hampshire Halloween didn't, I percieved them both as tremendous flops. I'm just glad I have a purple borthmark in the shape of the words "Happy Birthday" on my left hand so I didn't have to shell out the extraordinary five bucks.

Thanks kids, and see you next week. By the way, Vote no on Question 1.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Hampshire Omen

Words From Amnesty

Hello kids, I haven't read enough about this to know if I'm for it or against it, but in an effort to service the community, I'm printing this letter I received from Amnesty International to allow you to choose for yourselves. The letter is fairly self-explanatory. If you have any questions, I'm sure you can contact the students involved through either Student Activities or Community Council. Here it goes:

Dear Senator Kerry, (President Clinton, or Senator Kennedy, [Ed. Note: Try not to mention the

Chappa-dead girl thing)

For more than forty-five years, the U.S. Army School of the Americas (SOA) has trained soldiers from all over Latin America. Although its defenders claim that it functions to impart democratic ideals and respect for civilian rule in its students, evidence suggests it functions to the contrary. As information becomes available, it becomes increasingly obvious that SOA performs an integral part of the U.S.'s role in Latin American human rights abuses. A recent in-

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SECTION HATE

A Little Hate Mail

I have read the Omen's second Coming, and appreciate the tone of discontent and anger that rids its pages. I was especially enraged by the piece in Section Hate, a tale of woe and financial loss which is just another sad result of institutionalized irresponsibility.

My submission is not intended as hate mail, merely disapproval mail or grievance mail. Last night, Saturday, I was checking out some new stereo equipment I had gotten that day. All my modmates were out, and it was only like 1:00 a.m. It hadn't even occurred to me to worry about bothering anyone outside my mod.

After 20 minutes of music, which wasn't even *that* loud, I was happy to see my SAGE (I live in Enfield) at the door to my room. She told me that since she was on call, it was her duty to inform me of the fact that someone had complained to security about the volume emanating from my mod. She further informed me that if another complaint came within fifteen minutes, security would have to take up the matter.

This seemed to me an unnecessarily severe way to ask a neighbor to turn their music down. I never had any intention of bothering anyone (at least none that I was carrying out that night), and I discovered soon after that my window was open, explaining why it was so

loud outside. I closed my window in addition to turning down my amplifier, and thought how ridiculous it was for my SAGE, who is probably the nicest person in all of Hampshire, to have to come over here and be put in the position of police officer. If the people I was bothering had mustered even the slightest degree of responsibility, they would have called my mod and asked me to turn it down. But instead, as this PC environment seems to advise them, they *had to* do it the we-are-the-victims way and file an official complaint.

Now, I really don't give a shit if people are helpless and scared. But if they are, is it beneficial that the school they go to caters to these frailties? Maybe if the person who first received the complaint had suggested that the complainer first try and deal with it themselves, a good deal of inconvenience could have been avoided.

I don't really have anything to bitch about, since nothing happened to me, but watching all these lazy-ass Hampshire clowns use the housing staff and security to deal with their lives for them, to be perfectly honest, makes me sick.

Scott Newcomb
x2324

Editorial and Intern-esque response to Scott's hefty wad of complaint....

Well, Scott, speaking as a SID and part of the regime that "deals with peoples lives for them", I would have to say: "Aw, be nice; Hampshrie created the House Staff so that people here could concentrate on their academics, and not have to deal with the nasty, nasty stress of mediating their own conflicts." This is what I have been taught, and what I bust my ass to be accomadating and accomplish. However, speaking as a SID and an utter, flaming hypocrite: "You're absolutely goddam right! Learn to take care of yourselves, Panty-Waists! In this world, it's either kill or be killed, make noise or have noise made at you! Only the strong survive!"

The sad fact is, Scott, not everyone has the gumption, or, as you point out, the responsible courtesy, to take care of things themselves. Hampshire does provide for these contingencies. Oh, well. Hampshire also banned Coke for a time, and banned pets without a grandfather clause. The place can be pretty slip-shod. At least you have a new stereo to drown some of the banality out with.

Cole
Hate Editor

**Vote No
on Question 1!**

This Will Cost You

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the

Notes From Limboland

author himself. He might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, Heinz 57 sauce is not a good lubricant for masturbation purposes, and Frank Sinatra is still God. Now get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

Hi there, folks, and welcome back to the land of limbo.

There. Greetings taken care of, now I can get down to business. And boy howdy, am I going to get down to business this week.

Sitting in front of me as I write this is a flyer that I ripped down off a wall in Merrill and which I have seen pasted all across this small little campus of ours. I'm sure y'all have seen it. I'm sure, in fact, that by the time this article reaches print the debate over this simple, text-only posting will be in full-swing, and that my opinions may hardly be original. But, then again, maybe not. It's exceptionally hard to gauge public opinion on this campus. You never know exactly how people are going to react to anything.

In case you've been hiding under a wet rock deep in the pine forest for a while, and are only now coming back into the full light of

day, I am now going to reprint this oh so upbeat and not at all whining flyer for your reading enjoyment. If you have seen this flyer already, please, feel free to skip it. If you've read it once, you've read it a thousand times. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. Anyway, here it is:

\$26,130

Hampshire College is officially the most expensive college in America.¹ Wasn't the banning of pets from campus supposed to help curtail physical plant spending that would directly result in lower tuition costs? Where are the savings? Greg Prince and the Hampshire administration have once again lied to students, alumni, and parents. Tuition will continue to skyrocket, while a unique and important piece of the Hampshire community has been purged from existence. It's time for Greg to stop lying and begin treating students with the respect we deserve. The animosity between students and administration will not disappear as long as the lying and deceit continues.

¹ Chronicle of Higher Education, 10/5/94.

I just love the wording of that. Don't you? "Purged from existence." "Lying and deceit." Sounds more like a political mani-

festo than a misinformed whining complaint, doesn't it? I think it should get the Pulitzer Prize for fiction, myself.

Now, in all seriousness, folks, this thing pissed me off when I first read it. Indeed, it continues to piss me off every time I read the fucker. It just amazes me, at times, how bitchy and ignorant people on this campus can be. Only at times though. I think the rest of the time I just try to forget about it, because it angers me so much.

Look, I'll be the first on the bandwagon to say that I miss the pets on this campus. Whoever this idiot (or idiots) is, they got one thing right. Pets were "a unique and important piece of the Hampshire community." It was nice to have a random cat around to pet. It was great to see dogs madly chasing after squirrels they had no hope of catching. Hampshire doesn't seem quite the same without pets, somehow.

But the wording of this poster makes it seem that the only reason that the administration banned pets from campus was an economic one. That, my friends, is patently false. Hey, I'm sure economics did figure into the decision - it has to, by necessity, for Hampshire is one of the most poorly funded colleges in America. But, also figured into that equation was the humane treatment of animals. You see, I really don't think we have the administration to blame for the pet ban. I think we can securely pin the blame on all of those assholes who abandoned their pets

Continued on Next Page

This Will Cost You Cont.

on this campus, be it at the end of the semester or smack dab in the middle of it. This is a fact. The abandonment of pets on this campus has happened every semester, every year since pets were allowed on this campus. Don't whine and bitch and yell to Greg about the pet ban; find one of those fuckers who left their securely domesticated animals here to fend for themselves, and do your whining and bitching and yelling to them. They are the people who deserve it.

As to the curtailing of physical plant costs directly resulting in lower tuition costs... What the hell do you expect? A miracle? WHERE THE FUCK IS YOUR BRAIN?! If you can find it, use it for just the briefest of moments and tell me if you think that you'd see a dramatic - or even an undramatic - reduction in tuition costs, right away, from a piddling reduction in physical plant spending. Here, I'll help you with this simple mathematical concept: You won't see a reduction in tuition costs for a few years, at least. Ever hear of a thing called inflation? Yeah, that nasty thing. Every year, things go up in price, from the food that Saga buys to feed all of us on the meal plan to the paper that Academic Computing buys so we can print our papers for class to chalk for the classrooms. Inflation happens. It sucks, but it happens. Without the pet ban, tuition would probably be up around \$27,000 or \$28,000 a year.

Maybe, if Hampshire had better funding, we wouldn't have to pay so much to go to school here. But Hampshire gets exactly dick

from federal and private sector funding sources. I believe we get the minimum amount of federal funding allowed (I'm not sure though - if anyone cares to correct me on that one, feel free), which was going to be denied us if we hadn't have lengthened the school year by a few weeks. Businesses are only gradually coming around to the idea that Hampshire's system of schooling actually works; before that, corporations were afraid - probably still are - to contribute to a school that was so different. No grades? No tests? Divs? Run for the hills and hide your money! They're freaks!

And, hey, get used to the "animosity" thing between students and administration - that kind of thing happens at every school. It's a fact of scholastic life. We don't have to like it - I, personally, do not - but that's the way it is. No matter what anyone says, we cannot all just get along, to use a too-often quoted phrase. Greg and the administration have a college to run, we have our degrees to earn. Sometimes, these two things come into conflict. We don't have to agree with everything the administration does - God knows I've had my beefs with them - but we do have the obligation to find out the reasons to their decisions before we can have any sort of discourse. If we all flew off the handle like this asshole - sorry, author - of the pet ban poster did, we'd end up in verbal and ideational chaos.

And, personally, I think that this person should have signed their name on this flyer. I probably

would have had a bit more respect for them if they had had the guts to do that, instead of opting for the cowardly way out. But, oh well. What can you do?

Anyway, that's it for this week. Writing this article has exhausted me. I think I'll take a nap. If you feel like you have something to say to me about this week's column, feel free to write me at Box 0021, or on e-mail, jbrassard@hamp.hampshire.edu. Or, better yet, submit something to The Omen. They're always thirsting for material. Go ahead, write to me. Hell, I might even respond.

So, until next time, kids, remember: keep your feet on the ground, and keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth.

-Josh Brassard

Help Wanted

Part of the reason that the Omen has been so news free lately is that we don't happen to have a newes editor at the moment.

If anyone out there would like to fill this position, please call Jon at x5236 or stop by E3 and find him. Oh, and remember to

Vote NO On Question #1!

Anthem For A Generation Without A Name

I am alone in the house when the song comes on- other times I have been driving, reading in my room, wait-

Thoughts After Midnight

ing at the airport. The reaction is always the same.

I recognize it even before the first line is sung:

*Love
I get so lost
sometimes...*

The reaction is no longer so intense- it used to be like a fist in the stomach. Now it is just a pang of regret- of need- and this soft exhalation of breath. After the song is over, the radio announcer's voice sounds too harsh, irritating.

A friend of mine once said that everyone she knows has some kind of reaction to this song- the song, in case you haven't guessed, is "In Your Eyes," by Peter Gabriel. Everybody has songs that have personal meaning to them, but this is the one song that everybody reacts to. I don't know. Maybe that's an overstatement- but I have seen it creep into too many lives to be pure coincidence.

Put it on. If you don't have a copy, find a someone who does and listen to it with them. Watch their face.

As far as I know, this song has never been number one on the charts, and the album it is on, although highly acclaimed, never went platinum. But my reaction to it- how it makes me feel- and how it affects those I know- seems to me a more convincing argument for its importance as an anthem than any sales figures. Just as "Visions of Johanna" and "For What It's Worth" touched a nerve of meaning in the subconscious of previous generations, this song, I think, has touched a nerve in ours.

If a song is so important, somehow, to so many people, it must say

something very true about the world as it appears to our generation, about how we see the world and ourselves.

"In Your Eyes" is not a song about revolution or social change as most of the anthems of the sixties were- nor is it a song about an everlasting love, a shattering heartbreak, or sexual need, as the anthems of the seventies and eighties were. There is nothing earth shattering about it- it is a song about personal need and longing, a need that does not even pretend to cinematic drama or importance.

The images in the song are those of loss, emptiness, and incompleteness.

*"...this emptiness fills my heart
When I want to run away
I drive off in my car..."*

Is one lyric.

*"Oh, I see the light and the heat
Oh, I want to be that complete
I want to touch the light, the heat"*

I see

In your eyes..."

Is another.

There is a sense of helplessness, a defeat fated from the start.

*"Without a voice
Without my pride
I reach out from the inside"*

Goes the refrain. Too frightened to speak, to swallowed in pride and image ("facade" in the song) to say anything, all that is left to do is plead silently, a look in the eyes, a sad smile. And that, maybe, is the most potent story of our times, a reaching out, a hope that beneath all the images, half-truths, and fears imposed by a twenty four hour mass culture, a thousand commercials and pop tunes a day, there is still something there, something to connect to in a stranger's face. A hope that love might still be out there, between the Seven Elevens and mini malls, something that means more than what is written on its face in twenty foot neon.

I don't write this to argue to-

wards some conclusion I've arrived at, or even with any real goal in mind. There is no closing statement here. I'm writing because there was a time when I obsessed over this song- and even now, when I no longer seek it out, it will come on the radio sometimes, usually late at night, and I will think about the fact that I am part of a generation without a name. But a generation nonetheless.

We all, I think- I hope- get so lost, sometimes. And that, more than anything, makes me believe that there is still something worth saving in our televised soul.

August 1994, Los Angeles

-Matthew Flaming

Last of Amnesty

vestigation by SOA Watch concluded that the majority of those cited by the U.N. Truth Commission for human rights abuses in El Salvador (including participation in and the organization of death squads) were SOA graduates. I believe that you do not condone the inhumane activities and war crimes fostered by the School of the Americas. Please honor your commitments to both democracy and human rights. Act to disclose documents pertaining to our government's involvement in Latin American human rights abuses. Furthermore, I ask you to take an effective stance against U.S. complicity in acts of state terrorism and work to close the School of the Americas.

Sincerely,

[Editor's note: Thank you.]

Tori Amos: Live at Smith College

TORIAMOS

John M. Greene Hall, Smith College, Northampton
20 October 1994

Well, another semester, another Tori show to review. Don't know what to say about her that I haven't already said a million times before--she's a flamey-haired lusciously brilliant and beautiful girl with a piano who makes music way too poignant for her own good, and I love her for it. So then, having spewed all of that psychotic garble out once again, on to the business of recapping the concert.

This show was the fourth time this year that I have seen her, having also seen her in Boston back in March, Providence in June, and Irvine, California in August. And at the last two of those previous shows, she seemed to be in a rather bad/pissed off/sad/SOMETHING mood, which meant among other things that there weren't as many stories told, and she just pretty much stuck to playing the songs and that was it. But at this show, I'm happy to say, she was in a surprising happy and even silly mood. Yay! Among the highlights of her stage antics on this evening: she introduced us to her cute stuffed animals that were strewn about her two pianos, she threw a piece of fireball candy at us, she got up and grabbed her bottle of water and started sprinkling it around the stage and then with a smirk on her face explained that "oh, I'm just

watering my mosh pit", she told us about how Robert Plant asked her to marry him but she said no "coz girls just can't marry the boys that they wanted to 'do it' with when they were 12"...and then she asked a girl in the audience who SHE wanted to do it with when she was 12, and after some thought she shamefully admitted George Michael--to which Tori wryly retorted, "well then honey, you'd better be lying on your stomach." HAHHAHA! And, ohmygod, the FIRE ALARM in the building went off in the middle of "Precious Things" (must have been from all of the stage smoke, or the humidity, or something like that...?). It freaked her out a bit and she stopped playing and was just like "what IS that? can I still go on?" but then after some encouragement from the crowd she started singing again and finished the song even though the alarm and the crazy flashing lights and the tape-recorded "attention attention please evacuate the building" message were all still going off. It was

VERY weird.

So, that was basically how the show went. Lots of weirdness, lots of fun--and lots of great music too, of course! Though I have come to expect nothing less from her in concert. Tori was in top form at this show, no question, and it was good to see her so well back on the track. Now, there was one trade-off for her being in such a good mood--she didn't end her final encore with "American Pie/Smells Like Teen Spirit", like she had the last two times I saw her. I guess she only plays that when she's in a bad/sad mood...too bad, it really is an incredible thing to hear. Nope, instead she ended with "Winter", an eternal crowd favourite. But, other than that minor disappointment, this was definitely the best performance of hers I have yet seen. And I can't wait to see her again. It's a shame she won't be touring again for another year or two at least...I'm sure glad I got a chance to see her, and I hope all those of you who wanted to did too.

—DENIZ

**Vote No on
Question One,
You Bastards!**

Horoscopes

Sagittarius (Nov.23 - Dec.22):

With a waning moon in your 7th house, your normally on-the-ball personality will become totally fucked. You will make many bad decisions, starting with voting "yes" on Question 1.

Capricorn (Dec.23-Jan.20)

The new planetary cycle will inspire new creative and adventurous heights in your life. This week will be a high point for you. Then you're going to get cancer and die.

Aquarius (Jan.21-Feb.19)

How can you believe them when they tell you that they love you when you know that they've been liars all their lives?

Pieces (Feb.20-March 20)

This is a confusing time for you. As the week progresses you will begin to believe that you are a sock puppet and frustrated friends will beat your head in with a shovel. Your lucky number is twelve.

Aries (March 21-April 20)

Your friends secretly hate you.

Taurus (April 21-May 21)

All of your upcoming personal and academic success is overshadowed by the fact that you're just a big fucking penis.

Gemini (May 22-June 21)

Intimate relations will continue to improve so long as they keep that same half-assed night watchman at the sheep farm.

Cancer (June 22-July 23)

Depression is the furthest thing from your mind as romantic and business success keep rolling your way. But beware, lest I come and wipe that shit-eating grin off your face you bastard.

Leo (July 24-Aug.23)

You're five minutes late to vote no on Question 1, so get off your fat ass.

Virgo (Aug.24-Sept.23)

Your real father is crack-addict Ernest P. Millhouse of 2543 E. Roosevelt Ave., Detroit Michigan.

Libra (Sept.24-Oct.23)

Duck!!!!

Scorpio (Oct.24-Nov.22)


If you don't vote no on question 1 you will be hit by a car and lose your left arm from the elbow down.

Have you
kissed your
Mom
recently?

**Vote NO on
question 1!**

**T h a t ' s
right, you
heard me, I'm
telling you to
vote NO on
question 1!**

**What the
hell's wrong
with you, you
b a s t a r d ,
can't you
take a
friggin'
hint, mo-
ron? NO,
NO, NO!!!!**

PAGE 1 

Hampshire College's First Annual Crack-in!!!

- You heard about the "Smoke-in" now there is an event for the hardcore drug abuser.
- Why smoke pot when you can have Crack?
- Two minutes of pure ecstasy, which is two more minutes of fun than you can find anywhere else at Hampshire.
- No cops, no hippies, no yurts, just a shit load of Crack!
- Bring the kids!
- Enter the "Who can make (and take) the largest speedball" contest.
- Heroin will be provided to aid in coming down.
- High grade rock straight from Worcester, sold at bargain prices!
- After the rally (about 20 minutes), there will be field trips to Worcester, Lynn, and Springfield to stock up for another Crack-in!!
- Enter the "Fuck anything that moves, after all you're on CRACK" smackstakes.
- It's like "surf and turf," just "smack and crack."

Remember the old nursery rhyme--

*"I love crack,
crack loves me,
we're a happy family-
With a big fat cadillac and a rock of Crack,
This old man had a heart attack."*

Low Midnight in the Kiva-Show up and shoot up!!!

Brought to you by CrACK: Cocaine recreational Association of College Kids

******Funded by the Lemelson Program******